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## POETRY.

### THE BIBLE.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM LEGGOTT.

This little book I'd rather own,  
Than all the gold and gems  
That e'er in monarch's coffers shone—  
Than all their diamonds.  
Nay, were the seas one chrysolite,  
The earth a golden ball,  
And diamonds all the stars of night,  
This book were worth them all.

How baleful to ambition's eye,  
His blood-wrung spoils must gleam,  
When death's uplifted hand is nigh,  
His life a vanquished dream!  
Then hear him with his gasping breath  
For one poor moment crave!  
Fool! wouldst thou stay the arm of death?  
Ask of thy gold to save!

No, no, the soul ne'er found relief  
In glittering hoards of wealth;  
Gems dazzle not the eye of grief,  
Gold cannot purchase health:  
But here a blessed balm appears,  
To heal the deepest woe;  
And he that seeks this book in tears,  
His tears shall cease to flow.

Here he who died on Calvary's tree,  
Hath made that promise blest:  
"Ye heavy-laden come to me,  
And I will give you rest,  
A bruised reed I will not break,  
A contrite heart despise:  
My burden I will take, and all who take  
My yoke, shall win the skies!"

Yes, yes, this little book is worth  
All else to mortals given,  
For what are all the joys of earth  
Compared to joys of Heaven?  
This is the guide our Father gave  
To lead to realms of day—  
A star whose lustre guides the grave—  
"The light—the life—the way!"

## WE LIVED AND LOVED TOGETHER.

BY HENRY HERTZ.

We have lived and loved together,  
Through many changing years,  
We have shared each other's gladness,  
And wept each other's tears,  
I have never known a sorrow  
That was long unsought by thee;  
For thy smile can make a summer,  
Where darkness else would be.

Like the leaves that fall round us  
In autumn's fading years,  
Are the traitor smiles that darken  
When the cloud of sorrow looms,  
And thou' many such we've known, love,  
Too prone, alas! to range,  
We both can speak of one, love,  
Whom time can never change.

We have lived and loved together,  
Through many changing years,  
We have shared each other's gladness,  
And wept each other's tears,  
And let us hope the future,  
As the past has been, will be;  
I will share with thee thy sorrows;  
And thou my joys with me.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### A BEAUTIFUL SKETCH.

From the Citizen Soldier.

### THE MAN OF THE HERMITAGE.

The evening sky is glowing with the soft  
warmth of the autumn dawn; far, far over-  
head arches the azure dome of the heavens,  
and far, far around sweeps the gorgeous prospect  
of wood and field, uprisings and green mead-  
ows, the wood clothed with rainbow hues, the  
hills all dusky brown, while the long grass of the  
meadows glitters with the first frosts of au-  
tumn.

Our way has lain along yonder green meadow,  
our footsteps crisscrossing the tall grass at every  
—come, let us rest ourselves on yonder stump  
of a giant oak—let us look forth on the sky from  
the interval between the shrubs yet green with  
summer, and the chestnut tree, heavy with fruit,  
its long limbs sweeping across our vision, while  
the broad healthy leaves quiver to and fro to the  
impulse of the momentary breeze.

Hark! a footstep!  
A bold and determined footstep, yet an an-  
cient man emerges into view, and stands before  
the interval of shrubbery and chestnut trees, be-  
tween our view and the red dawn of the uprising  
sun.

Tall, straight and erect was the red hunter of  
the forest in figure, with the port of nature's own  
moulded limbs, the quiet majesty of command in  
every gesture of his limbs, he gazes to the sky,  
and the blush of dawn falls so softly over his no-  
ble face, the lofty massive brow with the snow  
white hair, rising in masses round his thoughtful  
outline, the keen piercing eye, shadowed by the  
gray brows, the determined nose, the firm mouth  
with compressed lips, the high cheeks, the bold  
prominent chest and the furrowed wrinkles of his  
visage—all are crimsoned by the kiss of the up-  
rising sun.

This is a strange old man, and he walks  
abroad at an early hour. Who is the stranger?  
Look again—he still gazes on the heavens.  
Dye mark his eye! Dye mark how it dilates,  
flashes, and by my soul—it burns! Mighty  
thoughts cross the old man's soul at this hour,  
swelled memories fill his aged heart—eighty  
years are upon him with all the story of the  
world's ways and wrongs, yet the ancient stran-  
ger hath blood warm in the veins, and his soul is  
yet young and fresh as the swaying leaf of the  
autumnal chestnut tree.

Tell us! What are the mighty thoughts that  
cross his brain? Are they thoughts of God? Calm  
dreams of good old age, looking back to  
well-spent years? Mighty reveries of former  
glories; the scenes where the millions applaud,  
where the laurel falls freshly on the brow of the  
conqueror, or the crowded temple where the old  
fire-pose Eloquentia stirs men's hearts to high  
purposes and noble deeds, or the chair of office,  
shaken to and fro by the rockings of the popular  
earthquake, or does he dream of the quiet sol-  
itude of the eternal grave?

Who is the stranger standing calmly and erect  
between us and the light of the uprising sun,  
with the red blush of the dawn falling over his  
wrinkled face and snowy hair?  
Not a farmer in all this neighboring land, but  
has been him traversing the fields at early dawn,

wrapped in absorbing thought; not a plough-boy,  
urging the sleek horses along the furrow in the  
calmness of purple twilight, but has looked over  
his shoulder, and beheld the tall stranger strid-  
ing slowly on along the verge of yonder hedge,  
his calm face upturned to the sky, while his eyes  
dilated and flushed, with silent yet mighty  
thought.

Who is the stranger?  
It is the happy Sabbath morn, and passing  
through the wicket gate, built on the old stone  
wall, we enter the rustic grave-yard, and stand  
before the country church rising gray, and mas-  
sive into the clear sky; with the old doors and  
window sills eaten by decay, clumps of green  
moss on the roof, and swallows twittering round  
the ancient steeple, with the sunshine glimmer-  
ing over the cracked bell and rusted vane.

We enter; we seat ourselves on the steps of  
the altar, for the church is crowded; we listen to  
the voice of the ancient preacher, whose message  
is of life and of peace to the minds of men, from  
the Lord Jesus, the crucified, the risen and the  
mediatorial.

Who comes here?  
As I live 'tis our ancient friend, who stood be-  
tween our vision and the dawn not long ago.  
Aye, he comes slowly along the aisle, his white  
hat, blackened by a crape, in one hand, his cane  
in the other, while every eye beholds his lofty  
brow, the snowy hair, and the commanding  
countenance beamed by the wrinkles of age.  
Silently he takes his seat—all give way at his  
presence—silently he listens to the word of God,  
silently the Sabbath morning wears away.

Who is the ancient man?  
A new scene?  
Here, crowding round the banisters of the cir-  
cular railing in front of the pulpit, kneeling on  
the steps of the altar, bowing the heads low in  
silent awe, come young and old, rich and poor—  
come red-lipped youth, blooming maidenhood,  
mature matronhood, stern manhood, and silver-  
haired age.

In the midst stands the preacher, holding aloft  
the cup and bread of God, speaking of the mys-  
tic meanings of those divine emblems as he ex-  
tends the sacred food to the lips of age, or be-  
stows the wine of life on the silent adoration of  
youth.

And here, kneeling with a rosy-cheeked maid-  
en on one side, an aged veteran of the cross  
on the other, here silently bows the stranger, his  
long white hair hiding the muscular hands held  
tremblingly over his visage, as he lowers his  
head in voiceless prayer; here he prays, that an-  
cient man; he extends his hand, receives the  
cup and bread of God, and that voice so full, so  
bold in its slightest tone, trembles with the syl-  
lables of the Redeemer's name, murmuringly  
speaks the word of hope—"Jesus!"

Who is the stranger, that stood between us  
and the red dawn a few moments ago, that now  
bows, prays, trembles, while he eats the bread  
and drinks the wine of God?

Who is the ancient man with the wrinkled  
face and snowy hair?  
Come back with me twenty-eight years  
through the pathway of time, come back with  
me to a strange scene, where our question may  
find its answer.

A wide city, with temples, mansions, domes  
wrapped in a heavy pall of smoke; groups of  
pale-faced citizens standing at the corners of the  
streets, the silence of the night resting on the  
place, in broad day, while the thunder of distant  
cannon breaks on the air.

Now ask, who is the stranger?  
Ask the mother, secreting her babe in the dim  
nooks of her house, on whom next to God, she  
relies for protection in this dread hour, when the  
red hand of British rage seems already thrust  
before her eyes; ask the aged father, with his  
blooming and dark-haired daughter kneeling at  
his feet in speechless alarm, while she clasps  
his knees; ask the gray-haired man, who shall  
stay the path of the red-coat hireling, with his  
cry of "Beauity and Booty," who shall rescue  
the pure girl from the polluted grasp of the rav-  
isher?

The mother; the father, speak one name of  
hope—one name of salvation!  
People of the wide city of the South, trem-  
bling while the thunder of British cannon is at  
your gates, clustering at your street corners in  
fear, hiding themselves in the nooks and cham-  
bers of your proud mansions, tell me, tell us,  
who is your salvation in this hour? Who leads  
your sons, your brothers, your fathers, on to  
death without the city walls in this moment of  
death and horror?

Again the name of glory breaks on your ear!  
Bold Backwoodman of the West, speeding  
through flame and smoke—speeding over the  
dead corpses of your red-coat foes—tell us who  
is yon tall warrior mounted on the white war  
horse, pointing his sword onward to the death he  
dares, fearless, in the hour of horror undimayed,  
while around his horses feet scatter the shot and  
rains the death hail?

The question passes from our lips, and yet  
again the name of glory comes echoing through  
the gloom of battle!  
Who is this stranger of the autumnal meadow  
—who is the communicant of the church of God  
—who was the salvation of the fair city of the  
South, the hope of woman and the stay of man,  
the leader of the Backwoodmen and the terror  
of the British hirelings?

On the pillow of our country's history, side by  
side with the immortal names of Washington,  
Hancock, Adams and Jefferson; side by side  
with Wayne, Lee and Gates; with Madison and  
Marshall, and an answer is recorded in these  
letters of gold—the name—ANDREW JACK-  
SON.

Go down to your grave, Oh, mighty Hero!  
go down to your resting place of glory, while in  
your ears, ring the fame of a whole world, on  
your venerable head of snow falls the sunshine  
of God's own presence; go down to the grave  
full of years, burdened with blessings! May the  
hand that would fling the dirt of calumny in  
your white hairs, be palsied; may the tongue  
that would assail your closing brows with slander  
or falsehood, be speechless forever!

Honored by men, sanctified by history, smiled  
on by God, slowly and quietly go down to your  
grave of glory, mighty man of the Hermitage,  
while a whole nation shall wait for the death of  
the Hero, the immortal—ANDREW JACK-  
SON.

Two brothers are being exhibited in Cincin-  
nati, who have claws on their hands and feet re-  
sembling those of an eagle.

Wonder if they have got any hair on 'em  
Guess they haint got any feathers. We didn't  
see 'em yet.

## History of the Slave Trade.

A great many valuable essays have recently  
made their appearance in the leading foreign re-  
views. The Edinburgh number for April contains  
an article founded on a work published by Mr.  
Bandinell, under the particular auspices of Lord  
Aberdeen, the British Secretary of State for for-  
eign affairs. From it we derive the following in-  
formation.

The African slave trade owes its origin to the  
Portuguese. In 1442 an expedition was fitted out  
by Prince Henry, third son of John the 1st.  
of Portugal, and placed under the command of  
Gonzales Baldeas, and this officer brought home  
ten negro slaves, the first ever seen in western  
Europe.

Two years afterwards, an association was for-  
med for the purpose of obtaining slaves, and these  
were sold not only in Portugal, but other coun-  
tries. After the discovery of the West Indies,  
the trade increased rapidly. In 1507, fifteen  
years after the discovery of Hayti, the natives  
were victims of the most horrible outrages, and  
it is said even the good Las Casas, in order to  
save the remnants of the wretched Caribs, who  
resisted the attempts to enslave them, as well as  
they were able, proposed that the African race  
should be substituted as the object of this inhu-  
man traffic.

In 1517, Charles V issued a patent authorizing  
it, but subsequently, in 1542, under the childings  
of conscience, revoked the authority granted to  
the traders, and emancipated the slaves made  
under the grant. His successor did not "tread  
in his footsteps," but allowed the trade to be con-  
tinued. The English did not at this time com-  
pete in the business with the Spaniards or Portu-  
guese, who seem to have ruled the American  
and African seas. One exception is recorded,  
that of Sir John Hawkins, who, in 1562, cap-  
tured three hundred slaves on the Coast of Guinea,  
and sold them in Hayti to the Spaniards. As  
the English marine rose in strength and increas-  
ed in numbers, its adventurous captains found their  
profit in making incursions into South America  
and sacking the Spanish towns. In 1583, Queen  
Elizabeth, who is said to have been offended at  
the conduct of Sir John Hawkins, chartered an  
Anglo-African Commercial Company, and in  
1630 another under the auspices of Charles I.,  
went into the traffic upon a large scale with the  
regular system. As the English began to settle  
their American Colonies, slaves were carried  
there in great numbers.

In 1713, by the famous arrangement called the  
Assiento Contract, the carrying trade to South  
America was placed in the hands of an English  
Mercantile Association, and from this time the  
sale of slaves became an important item in En-  
glish commerce. Previous to the American  
Revolution, there were 34,000 slaves in the An-  
glo-American Colonies and the whole annual  
importation under the British flag amounted to  
60,000 souls. Among the earliest opponents to  
the traffic was Richard Baxter, a man whose mem-  
ory and works are highly valued by many reli-  
gious communities of the present day. Public  
opinion began to mature on the subject through  
the eighteenth century, and many eminent writ-  
ers took ground against the continuance of the  
trade. It seems however that the feeling of the  
conscientious had not been fully enlisted against  
it, and John Newton who afterwards became so  
conspicuous for his piety, did not hesitate even  
while a professing Christian, to make several  
Guinea voyages, without having his serenity of  
mind in the least impaired by his undertaking.

In 1772 the principle of slavery received its  
death blow in England by the decision of Lord  
Mansfield in the cause of the negro Somerset,  
one which shines forth among the decisions of  
the King's Bench, is familiar to lawyers, and is  
on the lips of the benevolent throughout the  
world. The press took up the principle then es-  
tablished, and the Poets in the fervor of their en-  
thusiasm, declared,

"Slaves cannot breathe in England."

The first time the question was agitated in  
Parliament it was by the celebrated Mr. Hartley,  
member for Hull, in 1776. Although he failed  
in carrying his resolutions against the slave trade,  
the subject was thenceforth constantly agitated.  
In 1787 a private committee was formed for  
procuring its abolition, and Wilberforce and Clark-  
son were two of its most active and conspicuous  
members. Burke, Fox, Pitt and Greenville yield-  
ed to the force of their arguments and influence  
a large number of Peers went with them, and the  
Clergy and the Universities added their powerful  
support.

On the 11th of July, 1788, a bill was passed  
regulating the trade so long as it existed, and  
limiting the number of "negroes in cargo" in prop-  
erty to the tonnage of the vessel. 1791, Mr. Wil-  
berforce's bill to prevent the importation of slaves  
into the West Indies, after a long effort on his  
part to carry it, was thrown out. For sixteen  
years the struggle continued. During this period  
Denmark and the United States prohibited  
the traffic. The former country passed the nec-  
essary laws in 1792, and Congress did so in  
1794.

It was during the administration of Mr. Fox  
that the abolition of the slave trade was deter-  
mined upon. Two bills were passed in 1806,  
restraining and checking the practice, and soon  
after his death, his latest wishes were carried out  
by the passage of a bill introduced into the House  
of Lords by Lord Grenville. This gave it its  
death blow.

Napoleon on his return from Elba, abolished  
the French slave trade, and in 1817 Louis XVIII  
confirmed the decree. Holland forbade it in  
1814. No European or American power now  
lawfully carries on the business.  
There is still some trading in human flesh with  
certain Spanish and Portuguese possessions. But  
the constant cruising of United States and British  
armed vessels on the coast of Africa, will  
probably effect its entire suppression.—N. Y.  
True Sun.

THE MOUNTAIN.—We most enthusiastically  
admire the mountain—the high, the noble, the  
majestic mountain—that bends not in the storm,  
is unshaken in the tempests and the whirlwinds,  
and unheeds the fierce thunderbolt that breaks  
upon its bosom. With its everlasting peak pierc-  
ing the clouds and pricking the blue silk of  
heaven above—its bottom, body and breast en-  
twined with evergreen wreaths—it is at once an  
object of awe, sublimity, grandeur and beauty.  
The hills that cluster around it seem to be its  
children, full of youthful vigor and ambition; and  
fast growing up, to become as tall if not taller  
than their daddy. Then, too, the little green  
knolls and hillocks—the babies of the mountain.  
How sweetly they slumber in the velvet-lined

cradles of the valley! half smothered with flow-  
ers,  
"Perfumed with rich fragrance and glittering with dew."  
Venerable mountain!—give us thy old oaken  
hand! My eternal sunshine rest upon thy time-  
scattered front. Come to our arms, ye hills! ye  
verdant children, with bloom upon your cheeks  
and roses in your hair! We love you all.

## GATHERINGS AND GOSSIPINGS.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

A western writer thus gives vent to his indig-  
nation in Shakespearean style:  
He who borrows my umbrella, and don't return it—  
cuss him!!

SQUALLING CONCERT.—Five thousand one  
hundred and nine children were born in Havana  
during the past year, being an increase of 448  
on the year 1842. The *Diario de la Mania*  
in noticing this says: "What a concert they  
would make if they were all confined at one  
time in the Tacon Theatre."

And all spanked at once!

FER TRADE.—Three Mackinaw boats, loaded  
with furs, owned by the Union Fur Company,  
arrived at St. Louis, from St. George, on the  
22d ult.

In launching a new boat at New Albany, In-  
diana, a curious incident occurred. When the  
boat glided from the ways into water, the frame  
of the cabin shot off from her into the river, car-  
rying several persons with it, who were all saved.

A Government agent in Cincinnati, has just  
purchased provisions for the army on the Sabine,  
to the amount of \$200,000.

The Bible is older than the fathers, truer than  
tradition, wiser than councils, more learned than  
universities, more infallible than popes, more au-  
thoritative than priests, more powerful than cer-  
emonies, more reliable for the world's salvation  
than any thing or every thing else under the  
heavens!

Curran, when told by his physician that he  
seemed to cough with more difficulty, replied—  
"That is odd enough, for I have been practising  
all night."

An Emerald, on admiring the Newport Cem-  
etery, the other day, observed to a gentleman  
near him, that he considered it a healthy place  
to be buried in!

A man of wit once said rightly enough—"He  
who finds a good son-in-law, gains a good son—  
he who finds a bad one, loses a daughter."

A lady, a disbeliever in the science of Phre-  
nology, asked a phrenologist with a view of puzzling  
him, "What kind of people are those who have  
Destructiveness and Benevolence equally  
and largely developed?" "These, madam, are  
persons who kill with kindness."

"One extreme follows another," as the little  
dog said, when he flew around after his own  
tail.

"Father, wasn't Alexander a hero?"  
"Yes, my boy," replied Oat.  
"Well, then, father, wasn't Mrs. Alexander a  
sore-ro?"

Capital Punishment.—Gov. Steele of New  
Hampshire, in his message to the Legislature,  
recommends the abolition of capital punishment.

In supporting James K. Polk, the Democratic  
party support each and all of their cherished  
principles.

Arrival of War Steamers.—Two Mexican  
War Steamers, the Montezuma and Guadalupe,  
arrived at Charleston on Wednesday last from  
Laguna, on their way to this city for repairs, hav-  
ing touched for fuel.

There is an old farmer 'down east' who is so  
pious that he keeps his pigs snouts tied up on  
Sunday, to keep them from squeaking. He's  
the same old chap who won't eat beef that has  
been corned, he is such a strict temperance man.  
There is a young lady out in the Hoosier State  
so extremely nice that she can't say eggs—she  
calls them 'hen fruit.'

DESPERATE REVENGE.—A ploughman in En-  
gland lately became deeply enamored of a milk  
maid on a neighboring farm. His addresses  
were rejected, and the disappointed swain, full  
of melancholy and vengeance, procured a strong  
cord, went out to the barn, and—shocking to re-  
late—tied all the cows tails together.

An Exchange paper says that the mechanic  
who is ashamed of his apron, or the farmer who  
is ashamed of his flock, is himself a shame to  
the profession. That's a fact.

Rapid Travelling.—The steamboat Queen of  
the West made a trip from New Orleans to Cin-  
cinnati recently in five days and nineteen hours.  
The steamboat Duke of Orleans made a trip be-  
tween the two places last week in five days and  
eighteen hours.

Among the rumors from Washington, is one,  
that Mr. Rhett is spoken of as a Minister to Rus-  
sia, and Mr. C. J. Ingersoll as Minister to Aus-  
tria.

Gov. Polk is not only a religious man, and a  
strict member of church, but he is also a rigid  
member of a Temperance Society.

"Polk against Poker; that's the rush. Stir up  
the animal; poke it into the ribs of the old con-"  
So it goes.

JUDGE EDWARD D. KING, of Philadelphia, has  
been nominated by the President to fill the place  
on the Bench of the Supreme Court of the United  
States, vacant by the death of Judge Bald-  
win.

It is now one year since Tallahassee was laid  
in ashes, but much has since been done towards  
restoring to the town its former commercial ap-  
pearance. The principal business street has been  
in a great measure rebuilt, and that in the most  
substantial manner.

A Mormon church, consisting of one hundred  
and seven members, has been organized in St.  
Louis.

In every hill of cucumbers, squashes, and mel-  
ons; set out one or two old onions.—This is said  
to be an infallible remedy for the yellow bug.  
Try it.—*Maine Cultivator.*

A western paper says that the land in upper  
Illinois is so fertile that the farmers raise their  
pork by planting pig's tails. O, we give it up, to  
that.

## POLITICAL.

### Origin and Division of Parties.

BY WM. LEGGOTT.

Since the organization of the government of  
the United States the people of this country have  
been divided into two great parties. One of  
these parties has undergone various changes of  
name; the other has continued steadfast alike to  
its appellation and to its principles, and is now  
as it was at first, the DEMOCRACY.—Both parties  
have ever contended for the same opposite ends  
which originally caused the division—whatever  
may have been, at different times, the particular  
means which furnished the immediate subject of  
dispute.—The great object of the struggles of  
the democracy has been to confine the action of  
the General Government within the limits of the  
constitution: the great object of the party opposed  
to the democracy has ever been to overleap those  
boundaries, and give to the General Govern-  
ment greater powers and a wider field for their  
exercise. The doctrine of one party is that of  
all power not expressly and clearly delegated to  
the General Government, remains with the States  
and with the People; the doctrines of the other  
party is that the vigor and efficacy of the  
General Government should be strengthened by a  
free construction of its powers.—The one party  
sees danger from the encroachments of the  
General Government; the other effects to see  
danger from the encroachment of the State.

The original line of separation between the  
two great political parties of the republic, though  
it existed under the old Confederation, and was  
distinctly marked in the controversy which pre-  
ceded the formation and adoption of the pres-  
ent constitution, was greatly widened and  
strengthened by the project of a National Bank,  
brought forward in 1791. This was the first  
great question which occurred under the new  
Constitution to test whether the provisions of  
that instrument were to be interpreted according  
to their strict and literal meaning; or whether  
they might be stretched to include objects and  
powers which had never been delegated to the  
General Government, and which consequently  
still resided with the States as separate sov-  
ereignities.

The proposition of the Bank was recommend-  
ed by the Secretary of the Treasury on the  
ground that such an institution would be of  
primary importance to the prosperous adminis-  
tration of the finances, and of the greatest utility  
in the operations connected with support of public  
credit." The scheme, then as now was op-  
posed on various grounds; but the constitutional  
objection constituted then, as it does at the pre-  
sent day, the main reason of the uncompromis-  
ing and invincible hostility of the democracy to  
the measure. They considered it as the exer-  
cise of a very important power which had never  
been given by the States or the people to the  
General Government, and when the General  
Government could not therefore exercise with-  
out being guilty of usurpation. Those who con-  
tended that the government possessed the power,  
effected their immediate object; but the contro-  
versy still exists. And it is of no consequence  
to tell the democracy that it is now established  
by various precedents, and by decisions of the  
Supreme Court, that this power is fairly incident-  
al to certain other powers expressly granted;  
for this is only telling them that the advocates  
of free construction have, at times, had the as-  
cendancy in the executive and Legislative, and  
at all times, in the judiciary department of the  
Government. The Bank question stands now  
on precisely the same footing that it originally  
did; it is now, as it was at first, a matter of con-  
troversy between the two great parties of this  
country—between parties which contend, one  
for the consolidation and enlargement of the  
powers of the General Government, and the other  
for strictly limiting that Government to the  
objects for which it was instituted, and to the  
exercise of the means with which it was entrusted.

One party is for a popular Government and  
the other for an aristocracy. The one party is  
composed, in a measure, of the farmers, mechan-  
ics, laborers, and other producers of the middling  
and lower class (according to the common gra-  
dation by the scale of wealth); and the other  
consists chiefly in consumers, the rich, the proud,  
the privileged—of those who, if our Govern-  
ment were converted into an aristocracy, would  
become our dukes, lords, marquises and baron-  
ets.—The question is still disputed between  
these two parties—it is not a new question; and  
whether the democracy or aristocracy shall suc-  
ceed in the present struggle, the fight will be  
renewed, whenever the defeated party shall be  
again able to muster strength enough to take  
the field. The privilege of self-government is  
one which the people will never be permitted to  
enjoy unmolested. Power and wealth are con-  
tinually stealing from the many to the few.

There is a class continually gaining around in  
the community, who desire to monopolize the  
advantages of the Government, to hedge them-  
selves around with exclusive privileges, and el-  
evate themselves at the expense of the great bo-  
dy of the people. These, in our society, are  
emphatically the aristocracy; and these with all  
such as their means of persuasion, or corruption,  
or intimidation, can move to act with them con-  
stitute the party which are struggling against  
the democracy, for the perpetration of an odious  
and dangerous moneyed institution.

Putting out of view for the present, all other  
objections to the United States Bank—that it is  
a monopoly, that it possesses the enormous and  
overshadowing power, that it is identified with  
political leaders to whom the people of the United  
States must ever be strongly opposed—the con-  
stitutional objection alone is an insurmountable  
objection to it.

The government of the United States is a limited  
sovereignty. The powers which it may ex-  
ercise are expressly enumerated in the Constitu-  
tion. None not thus stated, or that are not nec-  
essary and proper to carry those which are stated  
into effect, can be allowed to be exercised by  
it. The power to establish a bank is not ex-  
pressly given: neither is it incidental; since it

Since the death of this great man all parties  
have united in according to him a powerful intelli-  
gence, a fearless spirit and an honest heart. As a political  
writer, he stood first on the list, his vast powers of gen-  
eralization giving him the advantage over all competi-  
tors and making his opinion stand a kind of text book  
for future generations. His independence began him  
many enemies among political partisans. In his zeal  
to secure the cause of equal rights, he often forgot the  
obligations of party. The merit of his writings are  
that he was always honest. In contempt of all consid-  
erations of interest, he would govern himself by no rule  
of policy or temporary expediency, but without fear or  
hesitation, grapple with error wherever found.—*Circu-  
larist Plutarch.*

Mr. Polk was elected Governor of Tennessee  
in 1839, by more than three thousand majority,  
while the State had before given a federal ma-  
jority of 15,000! Mr. Clay has been run down  
twice as a candidate for President—never was  
elected, and never will be.

A tremendous meeting was held by the Dem-  
ocrats of Nashville and Nashville, N. H., on Mon-  
day last week. It was a grand affair. The  
hardy sons of the Granite Hills are moving on in  
solid columns against the old Federal opponent.

Temperance bitters are for sale at Albany, N.  
Y., which stimulate without intoxicating.

cannot be shown to be 'necessary' to carry the  
powers which are given, or any of them, into ef-  
fect.—That power cannot therefore be exercis-  
ed without transcending the constitutional li-  
mits.

This is the democratic argument stated in its  
briefest form. The aristocratic argument in fa-  
vor of the power is founded on the dangerous  
heresy that the Constitution says one thing, and  
means another.—That necessary does not mean  
necessary, but simply convenient. By a mode of  
reasoning not looser than this, it would be easy  
to prove that our Government ought to be chan-  
ged into a monarchy, Henry Clay crowned King  
and the opposition members in the Senate made  
peers of the realm; and the power, place and per-  
quisites given to them and their heirs forever.

## HENRY CLAY THE DUELLIST.